## Big Daddy Kane, Rest In Peace

[Preacher]
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today for this somber occasion
Please join us in the mourning of this U-47
It was a great microphone in it's day until it met it's fate
One evening while it was in the studio it was struck by the lyrical force of the Big Daddy Kane So ashes to ashes, and dust to dust May this microphone, rest, in peace..

[Big Daddy Kane] Knock knock, guess who? Yes, ooh The Bigger the B, the Iggah the I, the Jigga the G is comin through Yes I'm the one with clout, they're all talkin bout To be frank, I have the flavor like sauerkraut The microphone assassinator and furthermore I murdered plenty rappers and believe that I'll murder more So if you ask to give the Kane a go You better treat me like drugs, and Just Say No Because I utilize my skills to brutilize And in a battle, man you should see what I do to guys Whenever the mic's mine, I'll rock a hype rhyme and come off, like dirty panties at nighttime Cause any mic that I caress, I finesse with zest, and just bless, best yet to progress King Asiatic, no other rapper stands this You couldn't be a King if you played hockey in Los Angeles I gets pi-daid, top gri-dade, gotta admit ey point blank, the kid's stri-daight Cause when it comes to R-A-P-P-I-N, huh I got it locked up like a bullpen